Teen And Up Audiences

No Archive Warnings Apply

Gen

僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

Dabi & Midoriya Izuku & Shigaraki Tomura | Shimura Tenko & Toga Himiko

Midoriya Izuku
Shigaraki Tomura | Shimura Tenko
Toga Himiko
Dabi (My Hero Academia)
Midoriya Inko
Todoroki Shouto

Crack
League of Villains as Family (My Hero Academia)
Quirkless Midoriya Izuku
Shigaraki Tomura | Shimura Tenko Being an Asshole
but a loveable asshole
Like all gamers be like
Dabi is Todoroki Touya
Dabi is a Little Shit (My Hero Academia)
honestly they all are
Toga Himiko Being Toga Himiko
Villain Midoriya Izuku
but not actually
He's just vibing with criminals
The tiniest of dfo
Depressed Midoriya Izuku

English Part 1 of Izuku plays video games with the League of Villains (among other things) Next Work → BNHAOneShots , its-yaboijojo Read Later/Favorites , 僕のヒーローアカデミア - (読み返す [よみかえす]) , Love these stuff UwU , Major Fluff , Real Good Shit , Rhynes MHA favs , DerangedDeceiver's Favorite Fics , Genius bnha fanfics , Creative Chaos Discord Recs , Gimme a BAMF! , Rain Recs , Crackfics and Humour centred , Got 99 problems but these ain't one , i may not be a bottom but these are my tops , Quality Fics , BNHA BEST SHORT STORIES TO EVER GRACE THE INTERNET , soul healing comes from fanfiction , Magnolia's Favourite Fics , absolute best picks , KiwiRen's Collection of Completed Stories , BaNHAmmer , Vaguely Organized Crime Fics , isabella9792_readinglist , Finished , Hibernation_becauseyes , ✨ Chris's Best Izuku Fics ✨ , .ˣ°.•*.↫My Bebu multiverse♡♡↬.*•.°ˣ. , BNHA Rereadables 📓 , Best Stories , 99NicelyFinishedFics , Delphi's All Time Favorites , Amazing fics :D , oml these fics are bloody amazing , 🍄 Aman_ita's read works 🍄 , BNHA_Incomplete_Fics , An1m4sh's Favourites , FreakingAmazingFics , ✨ 🦉 Wan Shi Tong's Library 🦉 ✨ , Stories from UA (BNHA fics) , League of Villains as a Family / Villains in BNHA , Stories Worth Finding , SSFAV , BNHA , Everything so far , *+.。·* 💘 The Favoured Ones 💘 *·。.+* , BNHA , elian's favorites <3 , Izukuuu , AbsoluteGeniusFics , Behold the Sacred Texts , Things to fuel my escapism. , Lex's Favorite BNHA Fics ٩(●˙▿˙●)۶ , kip's bnha library , Crack , Jaded Discord Server Recommendations , Buns fics II , Would read again 10/10

Team Killing is an Acceptable Punishment for Annoying Friends

ADyingFlower

Summary:

Izuku plays video games with the League of Villains, denies being a villain, has his beloved animal crossing file threatened, kicks ass with a shotgun, is proposed to, learns to deal with his depression, and accidentally kidnaps the son of the number two hero. In that order.

Or: Five times Izuku played online with his friends, and one time he played with them in person

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"Y-yeah?" Tomura asks almost hesitantly.

"*LOOK!!*"

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They scream.

"*OH FUCK* ***NO NO NO NO****! NO!*" Dabi yells, running to load the cannons. "DUDE WE HAVE SO MUCH SHIT! *NO*! HOLY *FUCKING* SHIT!"

"Hey guys, guys! Hey, chill!" Izuku shrieks frantically, right as one of the players boards their ship and starts shooting. "CHILL THE FUCK OUT!"

Notes:

- Translation into Русский available: Командное убийство вполне приемлемое наказание для надоедливых друзей (https://archiveofourown.org/works/31527386) by Переводчик_сдох (Lena013)

(http://archiveofourown.org/users/Lena013/pseuds/%D0%9F%D0%B5%D1%80%D0%B5%D0%B2%D0%BE%D0%B4%D1%87%D0%B8%D0%BA_%D1%81%D0%B4%D0%BE%D1%85)

Note, this takes place during Izuku's second year of middle school - he dropped out a couple of months ago and became a shut-in. While this is a crack fic, there's undertones of Izuku's depression and slight suicidal thoughts.

Lolol a lot of these scenes are a mixture of my own experiences playing games with friends and the other half is inspired from watching funny video game compilations. My sense of humor is...strange.

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes) and other works inspired by this one (#children).)

1. Sea of Thieves: An open world pirate game where players solve riddles and kill skeletons in order to obtain treasure chests, which can be sold at outposts. Players can engage with other players on the server, either to attack each other for each other's treasure chests or to form alliances to take on difficult bosses.

Izuku wakes up at somewhere after four PM, glaring disgruntledly at the time on his phone. Which is half dead, because he forgot to charge it last night, like an idiot. But what most draws his ire is the spam texts covering up his screen, to the point where he scrolls and scrolls through blurry vision and there's no fucking end in sight.

Giving Tomura his phone number was literally the worst thing he could have ever done.

Another text pops up as he's thinking about it, the infamous video game victory anthem chirping mockingly in his face. *if you dont wake up and join us im gonna pk you into next week*

Pulling himself up with a groan, he cracks his neck as he unlocks his phone, unhurriedly typing back *You can't pk in sot*. Soda cans clatter to the floor, empty potato bags knocking against his legs, and for a single, wondrous moment, he has the urge to clean it all up.

But then that wish quickly fades in favor of him powering up his laptop, plucking a random notepad among the mess on his bed and using it to rest his mouse on. It might have been one of his old quirk notebooks, who knows. He's stopped watching Hero fights - they just make him depressed.

His phone dings almost immediately. *ill enable it in tf2 dont test me on this*

pls toga is annoying

Izuku rolls his eyes. *I'm logging on jesus give me five*

Less than thirty seconds after opening his laptop and starting up the game, he gets an invitation to join from *handfetish*. Sighing for the first out of likely many, he slips his headphones over his ears, leaning back against his pillow as he boots in.

"What's up fuckers, what did I miss?" Himiko's character, under the lovely username *bloodsucker2*, because the previous two options were already taken, much to her endless rage, slowly stops firebombing their ship and turns to face him innocently.

"Izuku-kun!" She chirps, abandoning whatever her plan was, and the currently burning ship, to run over to him. "Nothing much, just playing with Mr. Grumpy Pants."

"Oh fuck you." Dabi tells her, hurriedly bucketing on to their ship to put out the fire. His username is an even more creative one, cheerfully declaring himself as *fuckendeavor*.

Considering they've unlocked his tragic backstory™ a couple of months ago, Izuku really can't argue with that. Tomura's taken to pretty much calling a hit on the hero, Himiko found some of Endeavor's blood and every other Saturday or so she goes out to randomly flash people as him, Atsuhiro's threatens every now and then to marble him and then flush him down a toilet, Magne-nii goes to all of Endeavor's signings and just *smiles* from the back, nonstop, and Jin is torn between brutally murdering Endeavor with a shovel or a metal baseball bat.

Izuku himself has just taken to running several hate forums dedicated to that man and systematically destroying his reputation whenever possible, but go off.

"Just the usual villainy." Tomura replies blandly as he runs down the hill from the bar, swaying from left to right until he finally - "Seriously?!"

Himiko and him snicker. "That's kind of your own fault, Tomuchan." Izuku giggles, collecting fruit and cannonballs from nearby barrels. At his side, Himiko looks at the firebomb in her hands with a thoughtful little hum. Dabi, as if knowing this, swears colorfully as he finds yet *another* hole in the ship and they've been playing for less than five minutes.

Tomura groans, pulling himself out of the water and back on the dock. "Okay, listen preparing a bucket of puke is a great help during PvP - which we're going to be doing because we're not a bunch of pussies - and the rest of you are playing at a disadvantage."

"Look at what I can do!" Himiko says, completely ignoring Tomura's passionate rant, before tossing another fireball directly where Dabi is on deck, instantly setting him on fire.

Dabi's despaired groan reaches into the deep depths of his soul. "C'*mon* guys!"

.

"Okay, here's what we're going to do." Tomura says as they're steering the ship towards someone almost done with a fort. "Dabi will be on ship to keep watch and manage cannons, Toga and I will take them on land and steal the fort, and Midoriya will cannon over to repeatedly kill them when they respawn."

"I don't know, Tomuchan," Izuku hesitates, feeling nothing but deep pity for the poor Sloop that was about to get fucking demolished by a fully stocked Galleon with three of the four members being serial killers. "This seems kinda mean…"

All three of their avatar's turned to face him with identical *are you kidding me* looks. "Dude," Dabi says very quietly, but *very* sincerely. "You literally did that to us on your first day of playing."

Izuku laughs nervously. It was admittedly true, he didn't know anything about forts, so after cannoning over into their empty ship and raising the anchor so it would go drifting out into the abyss of the sea, Izuku then killed them with a couple of well positioned gunpowder barrels and stole their loot. After dropping it off into his one manned ship, he let it go drifting while he waited on the island for them to come back, only to snipe the gunpowder barrel he left in their crows nest, sneak up on their ship, kill all of them again while they were putting out the fire before destroying their ship for good, and then hopping out and mermaid-ing back to his boat gently drifting along with enough treasure to buy out the new ship themes. Tomura's shrieks of fury still soothe him to sleep some days.

"Well, it all worked out anyway!" Izuku chirps brightly, ignoring the conversation all together like the coward he fucking was. "Let's have fun everybody!"

Himiko giggles. "I call dibs on talking to our new friends!" She practically caresses the word 'friends' so badly that Izuku half wonders if he should call the cops on her.

Like cops wouldn't get shredded within seconds of meeting any of them anyhow.

But they all just sigh and let her have her fun. "You do you I guess." "Planning on it already, blood-sucking psycho." "Have fun Himichan!"

Tomura and Himiko launch themselves onto the island, and Izuku positions one of their cannons, before hopping in it and firing himself towards the Sloop. Holding his sword out and admiring it under the light, he chills on the deck of their ship while listening to their voice chat crackle alive with one of their voices. " - who's this bitch -"

"Shut your fucking mouth you cocksucking maggot." Himiko tells them cheerfully. "You're not worthy of the air you breathe, you can only sit in your chair and uselessly play games day in and day out with the need to fill your lack of friends from your non-existent social skills with the bullying of others, but you live with the knowledge that every thing you do is worth absolutely nothing, that you will amount to absolutely nothing, you're not even worth the energy of existing."

By the end of it, the poor dude is sobbing as Himiko and Tomura kill him, not even bothering to defend himself and leaving his poor comrade stranded.

Only to get respawned right in front of Izuku.

Izuku grins. "Prepare to be vibe checked. Again."

The guy whimpers.

.

“Toga, how many people are on our tail?”

Himiko hums. “Mmm, four?”

Izuku can hear Dabi swallow down a groan of frustration. “Four people, or four ships?”

“Ships!”

This time, Dabi *does* groan. “And what *kind* of ships?

At this moment, Izuku finishes climbing up to the crow’s nest to join her, pulling out his spyglass to look at the ships in the distance, right as Himiko, oblivious as ever, says. “Oh, they’re Galleons.”

Silence. A pin drop would be louder than the absolute silence that takes over their voice call. “*All* of them?” Dabi asks, voice cracking.

“Uh-huh!”

Izuku slowly puts down his soda can, staring vacantly at his screen. “Tomuchan,” he says sweetly, so sweetly that Himiko backs right off the crows nest and misses the ladder entirely. That’s no good, there’s fall damage and they’re running low on food. “Tomuchan,” he repeats, leaning back in his bed with an audible creak of the springs. “Tomuchan, what the *fuck* did you do?”

.

“Are we still floating?” Tomura asks desperately.

“Well, yes.” Dabi says. “But actually no.”

.

They’re peacefully sailing across the open sea, chatting back and forth as they head towards the outpost surrounded by dozens of chests from PVPing all afternoon. Izuku has his feet up on his desk, carefully painting his toenails red to match with Himiko’s.

Then Himiko screams. “*CAPTAIN!*”

“Y-yeah?” Tomura asks almost hesitantly.

“*LOOK!!*”

All four of them spin around, right as a cannonball comes soaring inches from Izuku’s head from the Galleon less than a three feet away from them.

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“*OH FUCK **NO NO NO NO**! NO!*” Dabi yells, running to load the cannons. “DUDE WE HAVE SO MUCH SHIT! *NO*! HOLY *FUCKING* SHIT!”

“Hey guys, guys! Hey, chill!” Izuku shrieks frantically, right as one of the players boards their ship and starts shooting. “CHILL THE FUCK OUT!”

2. Hunter and Props: Teams of four are split up into two v. two. One team is the ‘Props’, ghosts who copy items from the map and must blend in with their surroundings. The Hunters will try to kill them, but everytime the Hunter shoots at the wrong prop, their HP is depleted. The larger the prop, the larger the HP gauge, but also the more difficult it is to blend in.

Izuku spins in his desk chair, lazily sipping from a slushie Mum bought him on her way home from work. He’s missed them, but it wasn’t worth the energy of doing his laundry, then taking a shower, turning his clothes from the washer to the dryer, having to fold them, and that’s all *before* getting dressed. Chilling in his boxers and an old Hero T-shirt for a week straight just made everything so much easier.

“Sometimes I wonder if I should kill myself.” He says idly, kicking his legs up on the desk absentmindedly. The chip crumbs in his bed annoyed him enough for him to move his laptop and himself to his mom’s old desk, but not enough for him to wash his sheets or anything. That would take more effort than he’s capable of having, even on a good day.

Nobody says anything for a good minute as they boot into the game, and Izuku is content with the idea that maybe his headset didn’t pick up his words for whatever reason, until Tomura laughs.

It’s not his usual laugh - not by far. Rather, Izuku slinks back in his seat, ducking his head behind his slushie like that could protect him from the rage of one of his serial killer best friends.

“Izuku,” his given name has never sounded so ominous. “If you killed yourself, I would bring you back from the dead myself and make you *regret* it.”

No one speaks for a long moment, not until Izuku clears his throat awkwardly. “It was just a hypothetical.” He tries to laugh it off, fingernails nervously tapping against his desk.

He isn’t suicidal. He just has a bad taste in jokes, and the last time he left the house, he spent too long standing at the crosswalk trying to stop himself from walking into the traffic.

“I have you guys,” Izuku finally admits, when the words press too hard on his throat. “I don’t want to die when we still haven’t beaten the airport mob in World War Z.”

“That’s because *Toga* can’t get her fucking act together! You’re the medic, act like it!”

“Hey! I just wanted to see some yummy blood, I don’t want it to go away!”

“That’s literally the job of the medic you fucking vampire -”

“My first and final warning,” Dabi interrupts them before they could go all night. “Is that Midori,” he blinks at the sound of his name. “For every suicidal joke you make is another save file of yours I delete.”

“I wouldn’t care if I was dead.” Izuku replies immediately, as he has exactly zero (0) brain cells.

“Animal crossing it is.”

“Wait no - Dachan I’ve spent years working on it don’t you dare, *DACHAN I WILL LITERALLY DROPKICK YOU INTO THE FUCKING SUN* - ”

.

“What does this button do?”

That’s never a good thing to say, he muses, right as obnoxious music starts playing from down the hall.

Tomura’s avatar races down the hallway, shooting as he went and practically kicking open every door until he found the source of the noise. Izuku just stands there, as a random vending machine in the hallway, and is glad that Tomura put all his points in STR/WIS and not in INT.

“Oh,” Himiko says as Tomura starts rapidly firing into the bedroom, her taunt music getting steadily louder and louder. “That’s what that button does.”

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“I don’t think there’s supposed to be three barrels there,” Himiko states. “But I don’t know enough about this map to dispute that.”

Izuku sighs in relief, disguised as the third barrel. Dabi, also disguised as the second barrel, does a little shimmy.

Tomura, as the first barrel, sends a middle finger emoji in the discord group chat and loudly plays taunt music.

.

He runs down the hallway, peeking through every room. Office, cafeteria, storage room -

Bam. Himichan whines loudly as she’s killed instantly, but before she could say anything he turns on his heel and fires at the picture frame on the hallway wall.

Tomura shrieks. “How the hell? We’ve been playing for less than thirty seconds!” The time and his character name flashed across the screen, reminding that yet, it was exactly twenty two seconds long.

Izuku blinks. “There’s only six lamps in that room and three picture frames on the wall.” He points out easily.

There’s silence for a moment. “Midori, would you marry me?” Dabi asks, deadly serious.

He chokes.

“No fair! I wanted to marry Izuku-kun first.”

“I called dibs on marrying rights months ago, get with the program losers.”

“*Guys.*”

.

“I bought Himichan a gift, but I don’t know how to send it to her.” He tells them one day after three days of tossing and turning trying to figure out how to bring this up, only for Himichan to squeal loudly at decibels not previously achievable.

“What did you get me?!” Her avatar jumps on the screen, and since she’s currently possessing an entire freaking bookcase, Izuku winces from where he’s hiding as a mere chair behind the counter.

Izuku laughs nervously. “It’s not much, I just saw it online when I was looking for new merchandise that was dropping at midnight and I was killing some time looking through the shop and -”

“Get to the point.” Tomura scoffs, running straight through the room without glancing at the random chair by itself or the bookcase that’s literally *jumping*. Izuku only blinks, already so used to this bullshit.

“It’s a bracelet with blood vials.” Silence over the chat. He swallows, forcing himself to continue on. “You put blood in it and an anticoagulant, and I thought it would be a really nice way for you to keep blood on you without anyone finding it suspicious. It’s like a goth fashion statement nowadays, so nobody would blink twice at it and you could store several different kinds for quick getaways.” No one says a word. The bookcase is utterly still. Izuku hugs himself, rocking back and forth in his bed slightly. “If you don’t like it -”

“Izuku-kun.” Himiko whispers hoarsely, sounding near tears herself. “I love it.”

Dabi and Tomura thankfully stay silent while she collects herself, sniffing over the coms and laughing softly. “Thank you, really. That would be the best gift I’ve ever gotten.”

“No problem.” Izuku smiles into his mic, feeling his chest squirm slightly.

Everyone’s silent for a moment, and Izuku watches as Dabi comes into the room where they’re both hiding in and stares, obviously knowing something’s wrong but unable to figure out *what*. A random bookcase in what’s supposed to be a cafeteria would do that to you, he supposes.

And then Himiko asks a question that has the mouse slipping out of his hands. “What’s the anti-stuff for?”

“Anticoagulant.” Dabi corrects automatically, like the big brother he is, but Izuku is more intent on staring a hole through the screen.

“Himichan,” he says, deadly serious. “Blood spoils.”

Tomura’s spit take is worth the horrified shriek Himiko makes.

.

Holding his breath, he sags in relief when Tomura leaves the room. When he was searching for an object, he accidentally clicked on the desk when he wanted to disguise himself as a newspaper on it, and he didn’t have time to switch back before he heard someone coming.

He’s just glad Tomura’s too dumb to see anything wrong with a desk just chilling in the middle of the room.

.

Chilling as a nice little lamp, he barely blinks from where he’s carefully layering chips inside his sandwich as a babydoll comes racing down the road, screaming the whole way.

“*COME BACK HERE YOU LITTLE BITCH -* ” Tomura shrieks, firing his machine gun frantically at the screaming babydoll that zig zags down the street with less than ten seconds on the clock, Himiko running after him with her pipe unsuccessfully whacking at the babydoll with Dabi laughing the whole way.

Perhaps a barbecue flavored chip, just for some variety?

“*HAHA, YOU’LL NEVER CATCH ME ALIVE FUCKERS*!”

“That’s the point of the game, Dabi-kun.”

“*DIE YOU UGLY BURNT ASS BASTARD -* ”

“*HEY I WAS BORN PERFECTLY LEGITIMATE DON’T INSULT MY MOTHER LIKE THAT YOU TWINK SCABBY MOTHERFUCKER.*”

“*WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU CALL ME?! IF ANYONE’S THE TWINK HERE, IT’S YOU WITH YOUR BONER FOR THAT WING FUCKER -* ”

“*I CAN HAVE WHATEVER KINKS I FUCKING WANT YOU NECROPHILIAC -* ”

“Girls, you’re both pretty.”

“*SHUT IT YOU VAMPIRE!*”

“*OH LIKE YOU HAVE ANY ROOM TO JUDGE.*”

“*YOU WANNA FUCKING GO BOYS?!?*”

Izuku adds two, just to be sure.

.

They’re loading into a new map, with Izuku keeping half an ear out as Dabi and Tomura argue over which Borderlands game is better. Izuku, having played it one (1) time and couldn’t be bothered to do anything else besides drive the car and run into things, isn’t allowed to play with them until he mains someone other than Maya. Considering he would die for her, he’s not playing Borderlands with them ever again obviously.

The screen boots up, with Izuku being slotted to the Props side along with Tomura. They take one long look around the environment they were dropped in, and start cackling.

Previously, they mostly used an office floor layout. A single floor, with maximum like maybe ten rooms.

But *now* - Izuku unleashes his feralness as he searches with the thirty seconds he’s been given to hide, deciding on a single bottle among a shelve of them.

And then time runs out.

Dabi and Himiko choke. “What the fuck?” Dabi asks hoarsely.

“Good luck.” Izuku tells him somewhat sincerely, from somewhere in the depths of the three story mansion with its own basement, garage, and street outside.

3. Trouble in Terrorist Town: Teams are divided into Innocents and a Traitor. At the beginning of each round, the Traitor role is secretly assigned and has access to a store of items to kill the other players. The Traitor’s goal is to kill all the Innocents, while the Innocents goal is to kill the Traitor. One Innocent will be the Detective, who also has a similar store of items to figure out who the Traitor is.

Izuku hums as he reads the tutorial information while waiting to load in, curious about the game Dabi recommended. “This is unlike you, Dachan. You don’t normally suggest games.” Well, games that aren’t PG anyhow. For a guy with a surprising amount of anger issues he’s actually pretty tame in comparison to the others choices.

He still shudders when he remembers Himiko’s stream of her playing *Lollipop Chainsaw*.

“I’m pretty sure he’s venting out some of his daddy issues.” Himiko fake-whispers, and Dabi’s silence certainly isn’t helping matters.

After a moment, Dabi clears his throat. “If I was going to vent out my daddy issues, it would be through actual murder, not a video game.”

Tomura grunts. “And how’s that working for you?”

This time, Dabi stays quiet.

.

Izuku's minding his business, for once not being the traitor and currently crouched in a bush in the current cul de sac like map they're using. He's more focused on cleaning the dirt out from underneath his nails to notice Tomura's avatar approaching, but once he does, it's way too late to run away.

Tomura stares down at him, absolutely silent over the mic. "Don't do it hoe," Izuku begs. "Don't do it."

Himiko's concerned, "Izuku-kun…?" Is ignored as Tomura sends him a single message over discord, the biggest possible betrayal in the history of betrayals.

sorry fam

Izuku can't even find the will to be disgusted over Tomura using slang before he's ruthlessly killed.

.

The instant they meet up in the center of the road and start repeatedly T-bagging and loudly repeating, "Friends? Friends?" like they were the seagulls in Finding Nemo, Dabi just turns around and headshots Tomura.

"Dachan -" He pulls out his shotgun, only for the bottom of the screen to start glowing with *Innocents Win!*. "I…How?"

"Keep your friends close." Dabi says darkly.

.

"Fuck!" Izuku howls, diving out of the way of Dabi shooting at him. "Dabi's the traitor!"

"What? You started shooting first!" Dabi yells, throwing a grenade his way, only for Himiko to come up behind him and start firing at him with her pistols. She doesn't get far, mostly because of a bomb set at the edge of the rooftop that instantly kills her. Tomura runs past Izuku, right into the entrance of the also rigged doorway.

"Dammit, Dabi set off all the traps." Tomura curses as he dies on the doorstep, Izuku valiantly racing out of his hiding spot to start unloading the shotgun at Dabi's sniper position on the low roof.

"No I didn't!" Dabi defends, cursing as he sets off a trap right behind him.

"Yeah I know," Izuku says easily, taking out his fancy blue gun that cost him all his coins in the store and splatters the wall with Dabi's blood. "I did."

Traitors win!

.

"Guys!" Himiko beckons them from the highest rooftop. The current map has all of them in one giant complex, with a helicopter that can be piloted to fly around the map. "Wanna fly around with me?"

Izuku debates it, but even if he dies, one of the others should avenge him quickly enough. "Why not."

"Hell no." Tomura's avatar threateningly waves his Detective gun at them, and thus why all of them have been clinging close to him. The leader of the league turns to Dabi, obviously waiting for the fire quirk user to agree with him.

Only for Dabi to glance up at the helicopter and verbally shrug. "Sure."

Tomura tsks, which is probably half the reason Dabi agreed to be in close quarters with a Traitor (if he wasn't one himself, that is. Dammit Izuku you're getting paranoid!). So the three of them, being the idiots they are, climb into the helicopter and each take a corner, T-bagging and chirping *friends? friends?* at each other.

Only for Himiko to take out her gun and start shooting at them.

Well. It should have worked.

Except that apparently shooting in a helicopter is extremely glitched, as all three of them start rapid fire shooting at each other, the small metal room clanging with the sounds of bullets and not an ounce of any of their hit points going down. This went on for like three minutes.

Tomura sighed way too deeply for someone his age as he one hit KOs Himiko.

.

Izuku is an Innocent this round and harmlessly throwing smoke grenades from across the map, idly exploring the minecraft terrain. Personally, he prefers Animal Crossing when he wants to relax (Tomura recommended *Stillness of the Wind*, and it was fun playing as a little old lady tending to her goats until the apocalypse happened and the existential dread set in, fuck you Tomuchan), but to each their own.

"Fuck!" Izuku yells, angrily slamming his hand down on his desk. "I died!"

"What happened Izuku-kun?" Himiko asks him, very concerned, and Izuku realizes then and there that he can't say he killed himself from walking off a cliff without dying from embarrassment.

So he lies like he was fucking born to do it. "Dabi killed me!"

"I didn't do it!" Dabi immediately screams, voice frantic. "I didn't kill him!"

"***DABI****!* "

When *Innocents Win!* flashes across the screen after Tomura and Himiko brutally murder Dabi, Izuku can only blink slowly. "Dabi didn't actually kill me, but I'm glad that worked out anyhow."

.

Himiko tosses the blue tool at the ground, Izuku tapping his fingers absently against the desk as he tries to remember how that specific detective item works. "I'm pretty sure if you throw it at a crime scene, it shows what happened." He explains, directing her to pick it back up again as no one's shown up dead just yet. Give it two minutes.

"Do you want me to make a crime scene happen?" Tomura asks eagerly.

Izuku side-eyes him. "I'm good, thank you."

"We saw a traitor tester earlier," Dabi points out, and oh yeah, there was one down the hallway. As one, they all shuffle down the corridor, keeping their backs to the walls and guns raised in case one of them starts shooting, so they can *all* start shooting, obviously.

After a long pause before they realized that no one was quite *that* brave, Dabi sighs dramatically. "I'll go first." He offers, sounding like a soldier sacrificing himself on the battlefield for a comrade.

"Really Dachan?" Izuku can't believe his ears. Dabi is being selfless for once in his life? Should he bake a cake? Buy some streamers? What do people do when celebrating anyhow?

But then Dabi has to go ruin it. "I'm willing to die if Shigaraki dies too."

"And the motive is revealed." Tomura replies dryly.

Himiko hums in thought. "Works for me!"

"Cool," Dabi says easily, ignoring Tomura's offended *hey!* with ease before shooting him right in the head.

.

Izuku's spectating that round, having been killed by a knife to the back earlier on. Dabi and Tomura are teamed up for once, searching through the halls aimlessly before Himiko flounces over to them. "Well, that's everyone but Midori. Midori?"

He keeps quiet. It's one of their new rules because they talk through Discord - if you die, you have to stay quiet.

"He's fucking dead bro." Tomura quotes under his breath. "Let's follow where Toga came from and see if we can find a body."

Himiko lets out a muffled yell. "It wasn't me!" She protests.

"Sureeeeee." Dabi drawls, like the jerk he is. The three of them head down the hallway where Toga came from, checking every room carefully before they're led out to a warehouse type room, with stacks of crates and boxes to make plenty of nooks and crannies where someone could hide. And front and center is Izuku's body.

"*WAIT*!" Himiko backs away frantically. "*I DIDN'T DO IT, HEAR ME OUT -"*

She gets headshotted, falling back dramatically and blood smearing across the wall like a shitty ass Victorian painting. There's silence for a long moment, before both of them realize the timer's still clicking away.

Dabi creeps over, quietly checking her body. "Wait…She's an Innocent! Then who killed Midori?"

(It was Tomura)

Traitors Win!

.

There's less than a minute on the clock and everyone's sweating. Mostly Izuku. *Especially* Izuku. Why is he always the traitor?

"Should we just vote?" Tomura asks while Izuku eyes the items he bought in the store. His trusty silenced pistol, and… "Fuck it, let's vote to kill someone."

"Majority kills." Dabi comments dryly.

Jumping from rooftop to rooftop, he casually strolls over to one in specific he saw earlier this round. "I vote Dabi!" Himiko chimes in.

"Hey, what the fuck!"

Izuku casually strolls over to the button on the wall, a smirk lifting the corners of his mouth up. "What a lovely democracy we live in."

Himiko jumps next to him. "Whatcha doing, Izuku-kun?"

"Oh," he says casually as he flicks the trap. "Nothing much."

And then uses his second item - and teleports away.

Moments before the entire building they were standing on crumbles to the ground.

It's *beautiful*.

"Sometimes, I wonder who the villains are when you laugh like that over massive casualties and property destruction." Dabi says faintly.

Izuku can't hear him over his own insane cackling. Inko, very concerned with her shut-in son she can hear laughing like a movie villain through the door, finally calls the number she's been lingering on for the last several days.

4. Splatoon: Third person shooter game where players engage in turf wars with each other with a variety of weapons that produce colored ink. Players can transform between human form to shoot the ink, or into squids that can swim through their own colored ink at increased speeds. Win conditions depend on the battle type: Turf War, and the ranked battles: Splat Zones, Tower Control, and Rainmaker.

"Dabi, how the fuck are you level 42 on a *kids game*?"

The fire quirk user seems oblivious as he snipes at Himiko, barely missing her thanks to a well timed roll. Izuku slaps his roller down on the edge of the platform Dabi is perched on, spraying Tomura with paint and knocking him off his pitiful descent up the platform the two of them are hiding out on. Snipers are a gift to a team, *fuck anyone who says differently*.

Jumping off the platform, he resumes furiously painting the middle section, grinning like a deranged maniac and furiously bopping his head as Tomura screeches like a pack of wild geese finally giving into their insatiable lust for blood.

(Unnoticed, Inko stops by his room to ask what he wants for dinner, before slowly backing away and closing the door.)

"Well," Dabi drawls, headshotting Himiko while she was mid jump and prompting an inarticulate shriek of rage. "I play a lot with Shouto actually. We don't talk or anything like that, and he doesn't know that I'm his supposedly dead brother, but I think we're bonding!" Izuku didn't have the heart to tell him that no, it probably wasn't bonding.

"Does he know you're a bitch ass crazy villain?!" Tomura shouts.

Even Izuku can hear Dabi's frown. "That's not a very nice thing to say." He scolds mildly as *Now or Never* starts playing, before activating his sonic wave. Their screams give Izuku a reason to live.

.

"*It's ranked battle time*." Himiko geeks out, panting over their connection like she was about .2 seconds away from an orgasm. "It's time! It's time it's time it's time!"

He pauses, mildly unnerved. "You okay, Himichan?"

"Oh, I'm just dandy Izuku-kun!" She says brightly, so brightly in fact that he just kinda leans back a little bit. "Not at all that my *only* friends decided to stop playing with me all together for the past four days!"

Izuku winces, leaning back in his seat, but Tomura is already snapping out a reply. "It's not *our* fault that you weren't level ten. We weren't going to wait around for you to be able to join ranked battles while you were stuck playing," his voice turns disgusted. "*Turf War*."

Himiko snarls. "*You'll regret that*."

.

"What the fuck," Dabi asks, very, very quietly.

Himiko, who's currently level 50, audibly smirks. "You're my bitch, now."

.

"Midori, where the *fuck* are you?"

Izuku, who's so fucking tired of being sniped while he's riding the tower, wiggles in squid form on the side, careful to keep himself up without falling off the side or overshooting himself. "Wouldn't you like to know, weather boy."

Tomura makes a noise of annoyance. "Seriously, I've painted the entire top purple, there is *no* way that he's on it."

"Yet it's still under our control!" Himiko cackles, splattering Tomura with an array of green and forcing him to dive off the side with a curse.

"Okay, new tactic." Dabi grunts, and Izuku's eyes widen as he recognizes the *very* recognizable sound of the sonic wave starting up.

"*Shit*!" He flings himself off the tower, narrowly avoiding an instant death and ignoring the cheerful *We lost the tower!*. "Oh, you *motherfucker*."

"Ha! Suck on that!" Tomura mocks, hopping on the tower and making that cheery little tune that makes him want to break into Kurogiri's bar and strangle the hand fucker.

Unfortunately, Kurogiri, for some odd reason, *likes* Tomura and won't condone him killing the older teen. Dammit. He'll just have to cause chaos when he can.

And his Special Weapon is all charged up.

"Himichan!" He calls, swimming through the ink rapidly towards Tomura, jumping over the streaks of Dabi's sniper rifle.

"On it!"

Himiko's special, Inkarmor, wraps around both of them, protecting them from anything Dabi and Tomura might throw at them. "I'm gonna break your ne-ko, ne-ko knee-caps." Himiko sings threateningly, slithering up the wall towards a shouting Dabi, right as Izuku pops up right behind Tomura.

"Hi Tomuchan." He whispers into the mic. Tomura screams and abandons his position.

"Why are you running? Why are you running?" Izuku laughs manically, activating his own special weapon.

Tomura has no chance to run before he's killed in a rush of ink equivalent of a nuclear bomb going off above their heads.

.

"*THIS IS BULLSHIT, WHAT THE FUCK YOU SHOULD HAVE FUCKING DIED FROM THAT!*"

Himiko doesn't say anything for a long moment, before tapping her *booyah!* button. "Sucks to be you, then!"

"*I'M GONNA FUCKING KILL YOU* - "

"So violent!" Himiko gasps like she's an old lady who's just had her delicate sensibilities offended. "Though I suppose you're into that. Shame, I like my boys bloody, hehe!"

Dabi just groans like he's watching Endeavor read thirst tweets all over again.

.

"Of course Shigaraki goes for the biggest gun he could find. Not like he's compensating for anything."

"*Shut your burnt mouth, you melted candle.*"

.

"Tomuchan, this isn't very nice…"

"Suck it up, buttercup. We're camping their fucking respawn point and making them *regret* the day they were born, you hear me?"

Rolling his eyes, he can't suppress his grin at his ridiculous (and a bit psychotic, sue him, they all have their flaws) best friend. "Okay, okay, just because you insist -"

"Izuku?"

He pauses. That's not any of his friends.

"Sorry guys, I have to cut out early." He's already ripping his headphones off, spinning around in the chair to smile at his mother. "Hey mom! Everything okay?"

She doesn't usually bother him for much. If she has anything she wants to say, she squeezes it in whenever he leaves his room for snacks or the bathroom. They don't even eat meals together all that often, thanks to his erratic sleep schedule.

He's such a bad son. Yet even when the guilt threatens to suffocate him alive, he can't find the will to get up whenever he hears her cooking, just waiting until she drops the plate outside the door and leaves.

Inko takes a seat on his bed, brushing aside the trash without even blinking twice as shame creeps up the back of his neck. "I know I failed you a lot, growing up." She raises a hand when he tries to protest. "I did. And I tried to make it up to you anyway possible. But I realize that letting you do whatever you want isn't helping you - you're barely thirteen, it wasn't fair of me to expect you to take care of yourself." She lightly pulls with her quirk the scattered plates and bowls, some of them still filled with half-eaten food, and Izuku wonders how much worse of a child he could be.

But then her words hit him, panic clawing at his throat. "Are you going -"

She shakes her head, and he collapses back into his seat with a relieved sigh. "No, you don't have to go back to middle school. You don't even have to do any schooling online; you're still young, baby. You can overcome anything at your age - just not death." Climbing to her feet, she carefully picks her way through his dirty floor, wrapping his shoulders up in a tight hug. "But you are seeing a therapist this Thursday."

"That's fair." He rasps into her shoulder.

After she leaves (taking all of the dirty dishes with her) he pulls the headphones back over his ears and turns back to where everyone is waiting in the lobby. "Sorry for the wait."

Himiko sniffles. "I love your mom, can she adopt me?"

"I don't have one. I want one. Can I have yours? I'll give you my limited edition Horizon Zero Dawn figurine."

"Mood. Mine's not shitty at least, but she's been locked in a mental institution for the past ten years, so…"

Izuku flushes so hard he almost passes out.

.

"Dachan," Izuku asks carefully as they watch the entire team just chilling on the tower that's coming closer and closer. Dabi's supposed to be sniping them, but all that's happened so far has been potshots, and if it weren't for several threats to his well being and (mostly) his crotch, they've let him test out his new sniper on these poorly out-leveled souls. "What are you doing?"

Dabi grunts. "I'm making them aware of my presence."

"More like making them aware of your attempts," Tomura mutters, but not quietly enough, as Dabi knocks him off the ledge into the water below.

"*Oh, you're so fucking dead.* " Tomura hisses as he dies instantly, waiting to respawn.

"Guys, we're on the same team!" Izuku's complaints are lost as they all instantly turn on each other, attempting to kill each other despite team killing being impossible. Rolling his eyes, he jumps off the ledge, deciding to win the game himself while the literal *toddlers* slap each other.

"I heard that." Himiko pouts.

He snorts darkly. "I know."

.

"Izuku-kun, I vow to be your second wife."

"What happened to my first?"

"Nothing you can prove."

.

"I am the only thing holding this team together."

"We know, Dabi."

"You're all useless without me."

"We know, Dabi."

Dabi makes a sound of disgust as he single handedly kills the opposing team while they wait to respawn. "*Useless.*" He repeats venomously.

"*We know, Dabi*."

5. Players Unknown Battleground: Players parachute on an island to scavenge for weapons and armor in scattered towns and buildings in order to kill each other in a battle royale. The safe zone decreases over time, forcing players to stay within the narrowing zone or else they will take damage. The last player or team alive wins the round.

"Tomuchan," Izuku says distressingly as he watches the opening cutscene with absolutely zero comprehension. "Tomuchan, what have you gotten us into?"

Tomura just laughs a tad manically.

.

"I don't know why," Dabi says as they're scavenging for weapons, but all they've found so far have been varying coats of different colors. "But Hawks is like, *really* hot."

"Because he *is*." Himiko defends. "I *love* Mr. Bird. I wanna to pet his pretty wings, and then drink his blood so *I* could have pretty wings too."

Yeah, they're not going to get into that.

Tomura picks a machine gun, no surprise there. Izuku is convinced the man is addicted to 'what's going to cause the most amount of chaos' rather than things like *winning*. They're not mutually exclusive, unfortunately. "Are we seriously talking about a *Pro Hero*? On my *day off*?"

"You don't even have a job." Izuku deadpans, equipping the shotgun he found with relish. Oooh, shitty range but massive amount of damage, come to papa.

“Ooooh,” Himiko laughs as she sorts through the *massive* amount of grenades she collects like a protagonist collects lovers in a crappy harem manga. “You just got *owned*.” Even *Dabi*, Mr. I-wouldn’t-know-a-joke-if-it-slapped-me-in-the-face, laughs.

Izuku feels oddly proud of himself.

“I have a *job*.” Tomura hisses. “I run the goddamn League of Villains, I’m on the news every other day, we have Spotify premium -”

“Yeah but do you get paid for it?”

For once, Tomura can’t sass him back. Miracles do occur.

“But yeah,” Izuku continues. “Hawks is really hot. He beat Midnight last month in Sexiest Hero of the Year, and won the superlative for ‘Hero I’d let raw me with no questions’.”

Dabi’s sigh is full of a deep longing that Izuku can feel in his soul, but honestly mostly lustful. “Same.”

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“Can we jump yet, Tomuchan?”

“No.”

Himiko whines. “Why not? At this rate, we’re gonna land in the ocean!”

Seriously. They’re flying above the map in the plane - everyone else has jumped out at this point and Izuku *really* does not want to spend half the game swimming. He beat a guy to death with his hands *once* and now everyone assumes he’s superman and actually tolerant of their bullshit.

“Because we’re delta airlines,” Dabi begins, the rest of them pouncing on it like flea on shit. “And ***LIFE IS A FUCKING NIGHTMARE*** ~”

.

Crouched underneath the windowsill, Izuku keeps an eye on the door while Dabi makes potshots across the field towards the opposing team. Himiko and Tomura are already on their way over, so Izuku’s just playing guard duty and chatting about a Hero fight he caught on YouTube that morning (Dr. Shinsou recommended it to him, saying it would be good for him to go back into his old hobbies), breaking down their strategies and picking out their weaknesses. He can’t see it, but he’s sure Tomura is making Kurogiri take notes. Poor guy.

“Are you sure you can’t be a villain too, Izuku-kun?” Himiko begs. “I won’t even stab you even when I’m really excited!”

Tomura hisses. “Idiot! That’s no way to recruit someone. What you really want to bribe them with is something they’ll care about. Like perhaps, hypothetically, I had a spare ticket to Herocon -”

“Herocon!” Izuku slams his hands on the desk. “How?! When?! This year they have a panel on quirk discrimination against those with 'useless' quirks and David Shield is supposed to make an appearance -”

“See?” Tomura says smugly. “That’s how you do it.”

It takes him a moment too long to realize he was just tricked. Baited. Left abandoned on the side of the road. “Not cool!”

“I don’t know, it was pretty cool to me.” Tomura’s voice, somehow, becomes even *smugger*. Izuku’s eyebrow gains a twitch.

“I’m going for a walk.” Izuku says saccharine sweetly, Dabi’s character backing away from window to stare at him as a terrified silence settles over the voice chat. “Dachan, don’t wait up, m’okay?”

“Sure,” Dabi says weakly, but he’s already walking away, switching his weapon from the pistol to his trusty shotgun. Somehow, the silence grows even tenser.

Opening the front door downstairs, he aims with his shotgun towards the field where Himiko and Tomura are battling it out with another two teams. Smiling, he pulls the trigger, instantly earning himself a headshot and a kill to his name.

“How…” Tomura’s question goes unanswered as Izuku reaches levels of zen not previously acquirable, headshotting another enemy with a *shotgun* from well over one hundred meters away.

“I’m just tapping into some of my anger issues, Tomuchan.” He chirps brightly, firing another bullet into someone’s head. Oops, was that Himiko? Too bad, too sad. “I think I’m handling the five stages of grief over my precious lost Herocon tickets pretty well, wouldn’t you say so?”

“…y-yeah.”

“Great! I’m glad we had this discussion. Now if you don’t mind, I’m going to drive a jeep through some people and maybe into a building while I’m at it. See ya!”

As he trots off humming happily under his breath, he hears Himiko whispering, in a terrified and shaking voice, “Are we *sure* he’s not secretly a villain?”

(The next morning, a Herocon ticket shows up in a box on his desk. He doesn’t bother being creeped out about how they know his address and Kurogiri sneaking into his room in the middle of the night, and instead sends Tomura his funniest memes since the man is allergic to any kind of thanks or giving, ugh, *apologies*.)

.

Himiko giggles, unable to help herself as *DucTTape* runs right past them, looking out the window to eye the third team they’re fighting against. The sheer hilarity is getting to them; even *Tomura* is stifling his laughter, even if it sounds more psychotic than necessary.

DucTTape turns around. And stares.

“Hi,” Dabi purrs from where all four of them are dressed down to their underwear lying on the bed. “Care to join us?”

“*Yo…what the fuck*.” The guy whispers.

“I want you to fuck me Jerry!” Himiko shouts, all of them joining her at the end. “*FUCK ME*!”

And then all four of them proceed to beat the ever loving shit out of the guy butt naked and screaming incoherently. *DucTTape* dies screaming too, whether out of terror or something else entirely remains unknown.

.

Izuku laughs nervously as he boots up his Steam, glancing behind him several times at his bed. Quickly parachuting down, he lets the chatter of the discord chat wash over him as they search for a gun, any gun. But apparently his silence is considered too weird to stand, because within three minutes he has Dabi asking whether he’s sick, Himiko threatening to hurt somebody for him, and Tomura convinced he’s being held hostage.

“I’m fine!” He yelps, not for the first time. “I’m not sick, thank you Dachan, you’re the only bitch I respect in this house. Himichan, violence makes me sad, blood is an absolute bitch to get out of carpets. And Tomuchan, if I was being held hostage, I would have already used Code 41-A.”

He has situations for this, dammit! It’s like they don’t even know him.

“You’re the only bitch I respect as well, kiddo.” “Oh! I’m really good at cleaning up blood, I can send you some tips!” “…I suppose you can handle yourself.”

Rolling his eyes, they jump back into playing easily, acting as if the entire conversation never happened as they exchange potshots with another team staking out the buildings across the street, making little progress on either side. Dabi can’t get an angle to snipe them at, and Izuku’s best at defense where he can strike at close range, so it’s up to their middle range players to sneak around and hopefully lead an assault from the back while they cut off their exit from the front. If only Tomura could apply video game strategy to real life.

Perhaps that isn’t something he should hope for, with the whole villainy thing. But he just wants to cheer on his friends!

Eventually, someone asks the question Izuku wishes no one would notice in the history of ever. “Izuku-kun, your mic is echoing a bit. Did you get new headphones?”

Hopefully not, considering his professional ones cost him a small fortune. Thank you Dad, for substituting parental affection with loads and loads of money. Izuku half wonders what his father does for a living that leaves them, if not rich, at least very high middle class.

Vaguely, he remembers something about a…vault? Nah, must have been from a movie.

“No I didn’t, you’re just on speaker.” Izuku tries to avoid, focusing firing around the corner of the front door on the poor guys just trying to run from the relentless fire. Hah, no.

But Himiko only makes a considering noise. “Why are we on speaker, Izuku-kun?”

Izuku hums. “Have any of you checked the news today?”

Their silence is damning. “No…?” Himiko draws out, telling him they were probably out doing something he doesn’t want to know about. Plausible deniability and all that.

“Wait let me…” Dabi trails off as he looks it up on his phone, which Izuku takes advantage of by tossing a smoke grenade into the open door across the street. “Hey, Midori…where the fuck is Shouto?”

Izuku laughs nervously. “Well, officially he’s considered missing as of 4 PM yesterday.”

“And unofficially?” Dabi asks dangerously.

“Unofficially he’s sitting on my bed playing animal crossing.”

Shouto slurps on his mom's soba noodles, idly tapping the buttons on Izuku' switch as he fishes, catching a sea bass (No wait - it’s at least a C+!). “‘Sup bitch, call Mom already.”

+1. Murder Party: Players are held captive by a murder playing trivia questions. Answer a question wrong, and you move onto The Killing Floor, where if you fail the minigame, you’ll die. When one player is left alive, the single player (and the ghosts of the deceased players) will compete to see who escapes, with the winning ghost taking over the body of the alive player.

Booting up his computer at an actual decent time in the morning, he frowns when he doesn’t automatically connect to the internet. He checks, and double checks, but yep, the internet’s not working. Discord using 3G it is.

Depresso: short, bitter, depressed
might not be able to play games tonight, internet down

Izuku Simp ƪ٩(ˊ▾ˋ✿)ʊɔ
That’s okay Izuku-kun! (⌒▽⌒*)θ ~♪*

Azula DESERVED a redemption arc
I’ll whoop shigaraki’s ass for you

for the last fucking time I do NOT have yaoi hands
can you go ONE fucking day without picking a fight

Azula DESERVED a redemption arc
No

Izuku Simp ƪ٩(ˊ▾ˋ✿)ʊɔ
If you make the district shake ONE more time while I’m doing my eyeliner I will break into the bar and fucking STAB you with it

for the last fucking time I do NOT have yaoi hands
sorry toga

Azula DESERVED a redemption arc
Sorry toga

Standing up, Izuku shoves his phone in the pocket of his sweats and wanders out of his room, spotting his mom knitting something on the couch that looked nearly finished. “Hey mom, did you touch the router by any chance?”

Inko blinks up at him, finishing the row of stitches and tying a loose knot. “No, you know I don’t get the technology of those things.” If she didn’t touch it, then was it just a storm? A system update - at ten in the morning?

“I did.” Izuku’s head snaps up.

Shouto stands in the entryway of the kitchen, shoving potato chips into his mouth with his perpetual blank expression. “Dr. Shinsou said you need to get out more.”

He couldn’t even argue, considering they see the same therapist, though Shouto’s under a fake alias and a wig. Shouto’s living situation with the Midoriyas may not…be…technically legal.

“But…” Izuku protests weakly, even as Shouto takes his elbow and guides him to the front door, putting his arms through a green coat of his and handing him the infamous red sneakers he hasn’t worn in…almost a year. “Now? Right now?” He hasn’t had any time to prepare!

“You’ll just panic if you overthink it.” Shouto states blandly, even as his mom turns the corner with the scarf she knitted.

“Give this to Tomura-kun for me, will you? Him and the rest of those friends of yours live nearby, don’t they?” She asks sweetly, already looping the scarf around his neck and pressing money for a train fare and dinner into his hands. Shouto, who knows the actual identity of his friends because he has dinner with his eldest brother every Sunday before they go commit petty crimes, just stares blankly at him.

“Um -”

And then his mom pushes him through the open door and slams it shut behind him. The deadbolt clicks. “Have fun!”

Izuku stares at the door, money and shoes still in hand.

Well. At least he has his phone.

Depresso: short, bitter, depressed
hey do you wanna meet up today

.

Despite them living less than an hour apart from each other, none of them have ever met up before. Himiko excuses it with school and strict parents, her only freedom through her computer screen; Tomura explained once about his Sensei and the League and not wanting to drag them into it; Dabi’s just too lazy and ‘doesn’t want to look like an online predator’ (his words).

But considering within five minutes of stepping through Kurogiri’s bar Himiko tries to stab him, Tomura keeps patting Izuku’s head and an expression of complete bafflement, and Dabi kicking in the door with dried blood on his face, Izuku would definitely say not much is different in person than online.

“So…” Himiko trails off, once all the attempted stabbings, hugs, and fist fights (in that order) have stopped. “What now?”

Izuku looks around. “Slushies?”

They get slushies.

.

“It’s weird to see you guys and not play video games, not gonna lie.” Dabi admits from where he’s laying upside down on the couch. “I didn’t even *like* video games before Shigaraki sent me a death threat over X-Box, and now I’m stuck holed up like some kind of NEET playing with you fuckers. I could be out killing people right now.”

Izuku kindly ignores the indirect insult. “And yet you still befriended him.” He states dryly.

“Hell yeah! Not many people have balls to call me out of my profile picture.” Dabi grins.

Tomura groans from underneath an empty bag of potato chips they descended on like pubescent boys. “I hate Endeavor as much as the next person, but furry *and* vore hate art is a little too much.”

“Aww, I got it specially commissioned too. Cost me a pretty penny.”

“Hey Tomura-kun, what’s this?” Himiko interrupts from where she’s sorting through the games on Tomura’s Xbox quite impressive library, pulling up something called…Jackbox?

“It has a bunch of different games on it, you use your phone and connect to the game with a code.” Tomura explains with a grunt, before the potato bag slides off his wrinkled and desperately in need of a chapstick mouth that’s parted in shock. “Wait, did that say… -”

“*Murder* party?” All of them ask incredulously.

.

“Please be 1940, please be 1940, please be 1940 -” Tomura chants as the hourglass ticks down, the answers fading away until *1943* slaps across the screen. “*FUCK!*”

“So sad, Alexa play despacito.” Himiko shakes her head, loudly sipping her abomination of a slushie. Who *willingly* combines that many flavors?? “You’re the only one who didn’t get that.”

“How did you guys know that?” Tomura asks in anguish, glaring at the TV screen with his phone held carefully in his hands, one pinkie raised like he’s an Englander drinking tea. “It’s *baseball*. We’re villains who play video games in our free time. We don’t have time for outdoor hobbies. Or the outdoors. Or hobbies.”

Izuku opens his mouth, but Tomura steam rolls right over him. “Yes, you’re not a villain yet.”

Yet?

Dabi shrugs, slurping at his own blue slushie obnoxiously. “I don’t know, maybe you’re just bad at trivia.”

“You take that back,” Tomura hisses, attention mercifully taken by him going on alone to the Killing Floor. “This better not be Fingers, this better not be Fingers, this better - *ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!*”

Izuku, from where he’s been looking up the answers for the last three rounds, carefully does not look at the homicide waiting to happen.

.

Izuku frowns down at his phone as *Drawn & Quartered* is chosen after a particularly fast round involving some celebrity he didn’t have the chance to look up that sent all of them to *The Killing Floor*. “So we just have to draw a picture to a prompt and whoever gets the most votes as the worst drawing dies?”

Tomura makes an affirming sound, phone held oddly in his hands as he drags lines across the screen. After a quick search to see exactly *what* Machu Picchu is, he follows his example, hurriedly trying to make it as realistic as possible.

All four of their pictures pop up on the screen, and Izuku’s eyes scan through them -

Oh god. Oh *no*.

“Toga,” Tomura asks, like a man longing for death. “Why is there a picture of a pikachu with abs?”

“Isn’t that the pro…” The five stages of grief flash through Himiko’s eyes in less than a second as she realizes that no, she read the prompt wrong. Denial, anger, bargaining, grief…before finally landing on acceptance with a wobbling smile. “Ah, I should have figured they wouldn’t have asked me to draw a macho pikachu.”

“Yeah, just a bit.” Dabi says faintly.

.

Somehow, everyone but Dabi gets the correct answer. “Even if I die,” he says rationally as he moves onto *The Killing Floor*. “I have enough points to feasibly beat you as a ghost in the final round. I’m not worried.”

Then the minigame name flashes on the screen. “Um,” Izuku says elegantly.

Dabi keeps smiling through his teeth. “*Everything’s fine*.”

Chalices is the name of the round, where the players who won pick one of the four cups on their phones to poison. They could all poison different cups, they could all poison just one, and Dabi doesn’t know. None of them know. It’s *maddening*.

Izuku carefully picks the most boring cup there is - his usual strategy. So far he’s managed to snag Himiko with it, but Tomura always somehow manages to land on *Fingers* instead.

Which is a fun minigame with 100% survival, but essentially cripples you for the rest of the game until you *wished* you were dead.

Sitting back, they all watch with bated breath as Dabi chooses which one to drink from.

And then they start screaming.

“You had a ¼ chance Dachan!” Izuku grabs Dabi by his shoulders, shaking him back and forth. “In a game we all suck at and somehow you beat the odds!”

Dabi vacantly stares at the screen like he somehow managed to win the lottery, kill Endeavor, and get Stain-senpai to notice him all at once. Tomura nods, patting Dabi on the back with one finger raised and a quiet, “I knew you couldn’t suck at *everything*,” while Himiko throws her arms up and shouts like she’s trying out for the cheerleading team.

And then they all fling themselves back at their phones when the video game reminds them that *there is no pause button*.

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“Okay,” Himiko says carefully. “We’re all friends here, right?”

Tomura sticks his nose up as *Decisions Decisions* is thrown across the screen. “Speak for yourself.”

Dabi and Izuku watch the match as the two of them nibble on their lips as they debate whether to take the money in the minigame. If nobody takes the money, nobody dies, but if everyone takes it, everyone dies. If only one person takes it, the other person dies.

Still. Izuku isn’t surprised in the least when both of them die, the two of them greedy for that sweet, sweet cash with zero trust between them.

Villains.

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“Ha!” Dabi barks as *Math* starts playing. “I *so* got this against two dropouts and someone who’s never gotten above a C in her life.”

Himiko frowns. “That’s not nice Dabi-kun, I try my best.”

Dabi rolls his eyes. “Sureeee.”

Just for that, Izuku’s gonna be petty.

Three minutes later, Dabi’s phone slips out of his slack hands as Izuku *thoroughly* trounces all of them into the dirt. And because Dabi was the only one sent to *The Killing Floor*, that means he’s a dead man now. “H-how…?” Dabi whispers, horrified at Izuku’s score in the *quadruple* digits.

“I dropped out because I had a mental breakdown, not because of my grades, Dachan.” He reminds him pointedly. “Now, I believe you have something to say…?”

Dabi slinks down the couch. “Sorry Toga...”

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They call a break somewhere after three in the afternoon, ordering pizza with Izuku's money since the rest of them are broke bastards - and none of them quite feel comfortable letting Tomura foot the bill, knowing full well that all of his funds probably come from organ trafficking or something like that. At least Dabi has the decency to rob the money himself.

“I’ve had so much fun,” Himiko giggles as she sits on the floor between Izuku’s legs, humming softly as Izuku ties her hair up into two messy buns. The straight cut with the heavy bangs draws the eye towards her eyebags - not a bad look, but she looks younger with the buns.

She agrees, if the way she’s oohing and awing over her reflection in her phone camera is any indicator. “Izuku-kun! I’m gonna wear it like this *all* the time, I promise!”

He laughs quietly as she throws her arms around him. “You don’t have to go that far - knife, Himichan.”

Himiko pouts as she tucks the blade back in the waistband of her skirt. “I was just gonna make you bleed a little…” Izuku notices the bracelet he bought her dangling against her wrist, and he feels himself soften.

“Just a tiny amount, okay! And no using my face to get away with pranks.” He warns, but she’s already back to beaming at him. He doesn’t know how anybody could see her smile as creepy.

Dabi and Tomura come back with the soda from the kitchen, setting down the bottles without bothering to get cups because obviously they’re savages, not villains.

Oh god, did he just call himself a villain?

Well, Izuku decides, looking around at his friends tearing apart the pizza with their hands and bickering loudly enough that if this were a slightly different neighborhood, they would have had the cops called on them, if being a villain meant being able to walk across the street without hesitating at the crosswalk, then it couldn’t be all that bad.

Then Tomura spills coke down his shirt, and well, that’s *fucking war*.

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When Kurogiri walks in, there are four random cups in a neat row on the bar. Himiko has her hands over her eyes, with her back facing the room and Dabi's jacket shoved over her face because nobody trusts her. Izuku waves cheerfully from where he’s dabbing arsenic in the most boring cup, Tomura and Dabi impatiently waiting for their turn, and Kurogiri just turns around and walks straight the fuck out.

Notes:

I marked this as a series bc I'm lowkey inspired to do a canon rewrite but with Izuku as a villain who's just vibing. Angst who? I only know Izuku's who willing to throw down for his friends and possibly destroy society.

Series this work belongs to:

- Part 1 of Izuku plays video games with the League of Villains (among other things) (http://archiveofourown.org/series/1926274) Next Work → (http://archiveofourown.org/works/27268423)

Works inspired by this one:

- So no one told you being a villain was gonna be this way (https://archiveofourown.org/works/50305669) by Ward_Titania_Oberon (http://archiveofourown.org/users/Ward_Titania_Oberon/pseuds/Ward_Titania_Oberon)

Close (#)